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Tommy Mary Walker!

Author Unknown

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Tommy Mary Walker!

There was a girl with flowing curls,
Called Mary Thomas Walker,
Lived barman with one Mr. Brown,
who kept the Royal Mortar,
In Southwark, in the London Road,
which you know is not very far man
For tidy wage she did engage,
this buxom she he barman.

She had been a tarry sailor bold,
And stemmed the briny water,
This she he barman we are told,
Spruce Mary Thomas Walker.

Some time ago, we understand,
She lived near Burton Crescent,
where she fell in love with lots of girls,
and made them lots of presents;
they jealous was of Mary Tom,
And one damsel like a fairy,
Did swear one day in the family way,
She was by Tommy Mary.

When dressed so fine, she was so kind,
with her trousers on her legs, sir,
She sent a handsome crinoline,
And a dozen new laid egg, sir,—
to pretty Jane of Ivy Lane,
who she had long been wooing,
But very bad and naughty tricks,
Tommy Mary had been doing.

He she Tom, and she he Poll,
The world had been deceiving,
And every place he she was in,
The rogue she had been thieving.
The pitcher to the well may often go,
And at last get cracked like Walker,
She went priggig on did Mary Tom,
And was caught at the Royal Mortar

There was money found of Mr. Brown's
Upon the barman Walker,
Instead of being a tradesman's son
She was a costermonger's daughter.
She did not wear a erinoline,
Gown or petticoat, I vow, sir,
but a pork pie hat and pilot coat,
And a handsome pair of trousers.

Now only mark, here comes the lark!
Poor Mary Tom was taken;
How you would laugh when to the bath
Polly Tommy lost his bacon.
The governor looked at Mary Tom,
And kicked up a jolly row, sir,
'Cause Mary Tom was deuced long
A pulling off her trousers.

She would not pull her trousers off,
It was nearly rent in stitches,
She bawl'd, she squall'd, and struggl'd on
She would not throw off the breeches
When Polly's trousers was pulled off,
She was both brisk and airy
Now gone to gaol, for to bewail,
Is priggig Tommy Mary.

The news around the landlord Brown;
Did go like steam afar then
And all the maids the people said,
Looked out for Poll the barman.
When Mary Tom a courting went
The hours they were pleasant,
She he had seven strings to her bow
When she lived near Burton Crescent.

H. Dingley, Printer, 57, High Street,
St. Giles, London.